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Johnny-Jump-Up

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BREEZE HILL NEWS is sent without cost and without obligation to those who find it useful and ask us to continue to send it. It is published approximately six times a year in the interest of the J. HORACE McFARLAND COMPANY and the McFARLAND PUBLICITY SERVICE, at the Mount Pleasant Press, in Harrisburg, Pa.

The purpose of BREEZE HILL NEWS is to demonstrate how its publishers are prepared to serve the horticultural trade by growing, testing, blooming, photographing, and faithfully recording a large and changing succession of roses, annuals, perennials, shrubs, and trees at Breeze Hill Gardens. Those records, those pictures, and the suggestive knowledge upon which recommendations can be made, are put back of the horticultural selling service of the Mount Pleasant Press by intelligent writing, illustrating, and printing, both in black and color.

Questions about plants, pictures, sales promotion, and printing are cheerfully answered without obligation on either side. Visitors are welcomed at the Mount Pleasant Press in Harrisburg (at the corner of Mulberry and Crescent streets, ten minutes' walk from the Pennsylvania Railroad station) and at Breeze Hill Gardens (2101 Bellevue Road, Harrisburg). Contact is maintained at the Mount Pleasant Press with all the English-speaking garden world, and, to some extent, with garden lovers who use other languages.

On request to Box 687, Harrisburg, Pa., the current Breeze Hill Finding-List, which gives an idea of the scope of the plant-trials undertaken at any particular time, will be provided. Suggestions for further trials are welcomed. It is the desire of the publishers to make the world's best in plant-life available to American gardens, homes, parks, and pleasure-grounds. It is likewise the established purpose, manifested over forty years of increasing business, to make the selling service of the Mount Pleasant Press effective for worthy items that should be used in American gardens.

BREEZE HILL PROSPECTS

By J. HORACE McFARLAND

IN THIS first issue of the new year, which many financiers may later signify as the alphabetical year of NRA, CWA, etc., and so on, it seems well to acknowledge with hearty thanks the many inquiries and comments this casual publication has received. Our friends are writing us, usually in pleasant commendation, but somehow that does not fully meet the situation.

Therefore, we are now inquiring as to what our friends want us to do at Breeze Hill. In order that suggestions may come with reasonable consideration of the circumstances, reference is made to the statement above this article, with the further memorandum that Breeze Hill includes a total of but 2.4 acres, within which a very comfortable old house is used by the writer of these lines and his family. Acreage experiments, therefore, are out of place, though both Mr.

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Stevens and myself are acquiring much hardness of heart with respect to the conventional shrubs on which we have heretofore reported, and which now may easily travel to the burn-pile in order that our inquisitive and acquisitive ideas may have opportunity to develop.

Rose-trials have been dominant—perhaps too much so—and 1934 is probably going to see a decrease in the number of varieties grown, because the items we are looking upon with a fiery eye have not made good in any way of superiority. We must take in the new things as they come from abroad, in order to keep our friends posted as to what they will do in this particular situation.

Shrubs that are worth while and are not mere duplications are being sought. Tell us what we ought to have. Particularly are we interested in the broad-leaved evergreens, of which, on a recent January-day inspection, it appeared there were thirty-three specimens doing pleasing duty in the garden, after a very severe December. Really "new" herbaceous plants we are glad to hunt for, and will welcome hints as to where to hunt and where to get. Of rock-plants there is, of course, a vast and somewhat tiresome group, about the inclusion of which we are quite hard-boiled, though we do want those that are quite different and really beautiful.

We confess to a large curiosity in 1934 as to hardy vines—not roses. (The climbing rose collection at Breeze Hill is notably comprehensive, and anyone interested in hardy climbing roses could afford a long journey any time in June, 1934, to compare, consider, and enjoy these yet unappreciated woody shrubs.)

Of course, we will be looking after the new annuals, but here again a desire to investigate individual families can be made manifest to us, and we would like to have suggestions.

One thing may be mentioned, which is that we are yet, and dominantly, plant adventurers. We want to *try* many things, and do not require that every item which in 1934 comes into Breeze Hill consideration shall be a gem.

THE FLOWER THE GARDENERS REJECTED

POSSIBLY a very entertaining philosophy could be erected upon the fascination of junk-heaps, of the lure which impels succeeding generations to investigate and judge over again objects which their elders discarded. The plains of windy Troy are ringing now with the pick-axes of modern scientists who insist upon finding out what kind of civilization existed in that place which the world so long ago rejected. Attics and barn-lofts the world over are being raked for crumbling relics of vanished ages, which in all their glorious uselessness are exposed to more or less ready sale in the antique shops.

In a horticultural way it is amazing to pore over volumes of old magazines and texts written by students and enthusiasts a hundred or more years ago, reading about their treasured plants, many now, perhaps, happily vanished from our gardens. But we cannot read about lost treasures without desiring them. Always the human instinct bends us to rediscovery, and leads us willingly to search any old garden for the flowers of the past which may linger there.

All this is a refined sort of avocation which may be indulged in by glossily manicured ladies and imperious gentlemen who have only to wave their check-books to command, and the mails and the transportation companies bring what their hearts desire. But there exists a multitude of gardeners whose lowlier aspirations must be satisfied by direct and personal means.

Among this humble crew are the children, those new-born, untutored gardeners who plant roasted coffee beans, lemon and grapefruit seeds, and rice from their mother's kitchen in tomato cans, cigar-boxes, and in any untrampled patch of ground that they can find. Children are great salvagers. As a boy I knew, item for item, what was to be found on every junk-heap within two miles of the village where I lived, and my knowledge was shared intimately with at least

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a dozen comrades; but whereas others devoted their effort to finding empty half-pint and pint whiskey bottles in good condition, which with a little rinsing could be sold for one cent and two cents each, coin of the realm, I was always fascinated by the flowers which grew so unashamed in those abandoned places.

There were a great many strange plants to be found upon the junk-piles. As a matter of necessity, all of them were tough, long-suffering, and long-enduring subjects. It was on a junk-pile that I made my first acquaintance with the family of Sedums, and the closely related plant which I never have yet been able to identify for sure, which we called "Live-forever" or "Toad-Bellies," because under proper persuasion the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves could be forced apart by the breath, making funny little pouches to justify their name. On the junk-piles I found pineapple tops, which, planted in tomato-cans, would grow comparatively well without either roots or attention, and make fairly respectable ornaments for my garden. In fact, the first rock-garden I ever had was planted almost exclusively with the scalps of hundreds of pineapples. They had a very exotic effect.

But always among the familiar plants, mixed with discarded Geraniums, worn-out Fuchsias, and other disabled house-plants, there threaded the slender little elfin trailers with purple and gold flowers which we knew as wild Pansies. Of course, we always recognized that they were different from other "wild" plants. They were not "wild" like wild Roses, or like wild Ginger or wild Asters. We always knew that our "wild" Pansies did not represent a native species. We never found them anywhere except upon the dumps where they had been thrown from other people's gardens.

Somehow, these slender, graceful little plants had a bad reputation. It was said that they were the wild seedlings of Pansies, and that if Pansies were allowed to seed from year to year without proper selection and cultivation they would

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degenerate into these little wild flowers which nobody wanted. Even in those days I doubted the truth of that statement, because I never could make the reverse process work. Careful cultivation and careful selection of the seed of the little wild Pansies never produced anything remotely resembling the genuine Pansy.

Years later I discovered that the usual name for these funny little flowers, in the eastern part of the country at least, was Johnny-jump-up, but that is not their name in Ohio. The Johnny-jump-up in that region is the common Violet, and the name applies to any Violet except the rarely seen florists' forms of *Viola odorata*, for there are white Johnny-jump-ups and yellow Johnny-jump-ups and blue Johnny-jump-ups. I have no authority in the matter, of course, but my feeling is all toward letting that arrangement stand. Let Violet remain the name of the florists' Violet, let the Johnny-jump-up belong to the wild Violets, let Pansies still be Pansies, but let the funny little wild Pansy inherit the older and sweeter common name by which Gerard and Parkinson and Shakespeare knew the Pansy, Heartsease or Kiss-me-at-the-gate; it is too good to lose.

Is it really the original Pansy species, *Viola tricolor*? The plant is a biennial under normal conditions. Farrar says that *V. tricolor* is an annual and Bailey's Cyclopedias ignores the question. So far as I know, only one native *Viola* resembles it in the slightest, *V. Rafinesquii*, which is so common in parts of Pennsylvania that it covers hillside swales with sheets of watery blue in early spring. In fact, from its resemblance to *Houstonia cærulea*, which is commonly given the name and grows in similar patches, these wild Violas are often called Quaker Ladies. Bailey admits that there is a variety of *V. tricolor* run wild in this country, which he designates as *V. arvensis*. If this is different from *V. Rafinesquii*, I have not seen it. Or perhaps he means the Johnny-jump-up itself.

The Johnny-jump-up, as we Pennsylvanians call it, is prob-

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ably some form of *V. tricolor*, but if it is the form that developed into the Pansy it staggers my imagination, for it is obstinate in resistance to change, although various colors will appear among its seedlings if other Violas or Pansies happen to be near-by. But unless they are propagated by cuttings, the strange colors soon run out and in a year or two its flowers are all purple and gold again.

That there is mystery about its origin I do not doubt. How else can we account for its complete absence from catalogues and descriptive lists of desirable garden flowers? Does it arise spontaneously in the junk-heaps and among the rejected stones of the garden builders? Will it degenerate into a huge purple Pansy if tolerated in a nursery-bed? Surely there is no plant easier to grow and no plant more useful for its exquisite mantling effect, and lovely massed color in the spring. It is the only *Viola*, with one notable exception, which is worth planting twice in the gardens of this neighborhood—an amiable weed which covers bulb-beds with an ineffable smother of flowers, and removes itself promptly as soon as they have faded, to make room for other things. Late in summer and autumn the ground near-by is covered with millions of seedlings ready to repeat its gracious deeds the following spring.

Johnny-jump-up or "Wild Pansy" is a favorite flower at Breeze Hill. We pick blooms from it every month in the year. It is a great joy in January when the Christmas Roses have passed their best, and in February before the Snowdrops and the early Crocuses have come, to find Johnny-jump-ups twinkling in crevices of rock-garden or impishly grinning at us from beneath a wrinkled oak-leaf in the border. It is Heartsjoy as well as Heartsease, and were it new and to be bought for a fabulous price, or only to be dragged home from some forlorn peak of the Caucasus or Himalayas, the magazines would be full of its praises and discussions of its culture would rage, as now they storm about the hapless head of *Meconopsis Baileyi*.—G. A. S.

Lilium regale Collis Permuli Auris staminibus duodecim perditum

Alas, this lovely name is no peer of *Chamæcyparis* (*Retinospora* or *Retinispora*) *pisifera* *filifera* *aurea-variegata*, or *Thuja occidentalis* *Ellwangeriana* *aurea* and others like that which may be found in horticultural literature. Classical Latin is no match for the cacophony of botanical cant. But we gardeners who originate new plants should not be discouraged. Strange things can be done to the Latin language, and with a little boldness and practice, gardeners may some day hope to rival, yea, and even surpass the unspeakable linguistic achievements of botanists and nurserymen.

Still, I shall always regret my inability to compose a name for this vanished Lily in the majestic sonorousness of the Latin pentameter—the classical form of elegiac verse—for the Lily itself has departed to

The undiscovered country from whose “burns”
No traveller returns—



Lilium regale eighteen months from seed

its lamentable end fully justifying that bit of sophomoric parody.

It distinguished itself among a batch of ordinary seedlings of *L. regale* by having twelve stamens instead of six. The bulb was in its second blooming season when the discovery was made, and the plant carefully marked. After that, all the seed of *L. regale* sown at Breeze Hill was gathered from this plant. By that time the bulb had split

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itself into three, and the clump was producing three strong stems bearing ten or more flowers apiece, each of which bore double the usual number of stamens all perfectly developed. The fullness in the center of the flowers was a striking improvement, and it was amusing to watch visitors stand puzzled before them, trying to figure out how they differed from the hundreds of other Lilies around them, for although the distinction was apparent at a glance, the difference was hard to discover.

The loss of this Lily was, in a manner of speaking, just one of those things. It happens that while *L. regale* grows like a weed at Breeze Hill, the Madonna Lily sulks like a prima donna, and our failure with it is a perennial sore spot with all of us. The gardener was particularly annoyed by the boasting of the genial farmer who replenishes the manure-bin each spring, and who never fails to compare the beauty and health of his Madonna Lilies most unfavorably with ours, pouring raucous ridicule upon our efforts to grow them. But one day early last spring, in an acquisitive mood he offered to trade some good, healthy bulbs of Madonna for a few of our Regales, and the bargain was quickly consummated.

Needless to say that of all the Lilies in the garden, our three clumps of *Lilium regale Collis Permuksi Auris staminibus duodecim dilectum* were unknowingly dug up to take the ride, and thereby became *perditum*. The loss was not suspected until the following June. Even then the damage was not considered irreparable because it seemed quite likely we should be able to retrieve one of the bulbs in the autumn.

But what boots it to contend with inexorable fate? In the middle of the summer the farmer's house burned down, and the precious bulbs planted beneath the eaves were thoroughly consumed.

Ah, well, some sweet hope lies in the hundreds of plants raised from seeds collected in those four brief years. Some day, somewhere about the place we may rediscover "Breeze Hill's lost Royal Lily with twelve stamens."—G. A. S.

BOXWOOD

Why does Boxwood cost so much? It is far too expensive to be used as edging material by the gardener with small means, and truly there is no substitute. The legend that it is hard to propagate and slow-growing is apocryphal, as can be proved by anyone who chooses to stick a piece of Boxwood in the ground.

We have several kinds of Boxwood at Breeze Hill, including two *Suffruticosas*, presumably raised from the Boxwood planted at Mount Vernon by George Washington. In approximately five years we have raised from those two plants a very respectable piece of edging material which now stands fully four inches high and is adequately symmetrical. From a few hundred plants of *Sempervirens*, which we bought to edge the beds in the rose-garden when it was reconstructed several years ago, we have raised thousands of energetic little plants which are now being distributed as edging all over the garden. Of course, the time will come when these small plants of *Sempervirens* will be too big, but by that time some of their grandchildren or great-grandchildren will be just right to step into their shoes, and we shall be glad to dispose of the old plants at present market prices.

The technique of starting Box plants is simplicity itself. When we clip the Box to shape it up, we sift the trimmings, saving those that are two inches or more long, and stick them into the ground around the beds where we want them to grow. If the weather is dry, a little watering is necessary, but they seem to take their rootless condition quite lightly and go about the business of reestablishing themselves in an earnest and thorough manner. After one year's growth, these cuttings are symmetrical enough to make a pretty good show planted close together, and all that is necessary in succeeding years is to remove crowded plants and shape the others to the form we want.

Of course, many people are not gifted with imagination

enough to make cuttings, or skilled enough to keep them growing. For such there should be a source of a cheap and inexhaustible supply. Cheapness is essential. Present prices prohibit Boxwood from ever becoming popular in the gardens of the people.

CARNATIONS

The plants that fail to make good at Breeze Hill are so numerous that a large book could be made from the record of our disappointments. But there are different kinds of failure. Our anguish is not quite so keen when the plant itself is unworthy—*Cerinthe major*, for example, which, even when grown to lush and leafy perfection, is not worth the space it occupies; and we do have our bad moments when we fail with plants that are universally good elsewhere. But there is another kind of failure which is peculiarly discouraging. It is to come to realize that there is something funda-



Poor garden habit of Carnations

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mentally wrong with a favorite flower, that it has either lagged behind garden progress or strayed off in another direction, and for garden purposes is simply impossible.

Carnations have given us a world of this particular grief. For years we have tried them in every garden type possible to procure. At the best, we have achieved only a sort of shadowy success scarcely less disappointing than outright failure, for the Carnations which do grow and bloom are thoroughly unsatisfactory. We do not want miserable, little, inch-wide squirts like the Allwoodi and Chabaud's, although as Pinks the former have their merits, and the English Border Carnations are of little use here. Besides they are scentless, and who cares for a Carnation without fragrance?

We want big, double flowers of pink and red and white, yellow and purple, striped and flaked, fringed and ruffled, brimming over with sharp and spicy fragrance. We want bushy and floriferous plants whose stocky stems are clothed with uncurled, ample leaves, bearing flowers which can be arranged in low, round bowls like Zinnias and garden Roses.

The lofty, bare-legged bunches of Carnations which we buy from the florists are too much restricted in color, too cold, too regular, too stately, too utterly utter. They reek with the jejune culture of a generation happily past, when ghastly sprays of Asparagus took the place of honest foliage in keeping with the fashionable sham which insisted that everything should imitate something else, no matter what. The silly artificiality with which the florists' Carnations are accursed was bred into them then, and makes them fit only for scrawny necked "vawzes" of the Gibson Girl era, perilously poised among the idiocies of Battenberg and pyrography.

Give us rich and opulent flowers, full of the scent of cloves and honey, chubby with good humor, sitting firmly upon sturdy, leafy stems of plebeian length; broad, homely flowers for gathering into hearty and rotund bouquets. Let us give the Carnation a break, and maybe the old-fashioned Gilly-flower will come into its own again!—G. A. S.